

TO THE
the Pool

There's surely no need to continue in
bondage.
For Jesus now offers to give liberty.
Oh, haste to the cross, and by faith
now receive Him,
Who died to redeem you on dark
Calvary.

Oh, do not delay, or tarry any longer,
For time is now passing, your days
are but few;
Now flee to the Saviour, Who waits
to be gracious,
A refuge is Jesus, and your safety,
I too.

Script-Major Cassin, Halifax I.

And a splendid lot it is too! You
can get it at 30c., 40c., or 50c.
If you live in Toronto, drop Sergt.
Langley, 8. A. Temple, a post card,
and he'll bring you any style you
want.

What is Your Motto?

Beautiful selection of mottoes now
in stock:

Shield (large) 12c
Shield (small) 10c
Scrolls 15c
Floral 10c
Fans 15c
Three-fold Screens 35c
"Christ is Lord," etc. 25c
Rules for Tu-day 15c
General's Message (with photo) 15c
Mrs. (Gen.) Booth's do. do. 10c

The Salvation Army International
Trade Headquarters.

All Classes of GOODS Bought and
Sold, Commissions undertaken; car-
boners' interests carefully guarded;
world-wide facilities; can command
best prices. Quotations given for
Goods, freight and duty paid to des-
tination.

For particulars and price list write
Col. Barnes A. Bramper, 99, 100, 101
Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

Chorus.
While Jesus is calling,
While soldiers are praying.
Oh, come to the Saviour,
He's calling to-day.

There's surely no need to continue in
bondage.
For Jesus now offers to give liberty.
Oh, haste to the cross, and by faith
now receive Him,
Who died to redeem you on dark
Calvary.

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PREPARE FOR WAR!

JAN. 25th to FEB. 5th.

WAR

AND OFFICIAL
GAZETTE



GREAT CRY BOOM!

JAN. 25th to FEB. 5th.

CRY

CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XII, No. 17.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
(General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.)

TORONTO, JAN. 25, 1896.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
(Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.)

PRICE 2 CENTS



"By death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

"The sting of death is sin."

"And I lie here, and behold, a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and hell followed with him."

FRIEND, somewhere, at the destined moment, that shadowy horseman, Death, will loom up on your path, and imperatively summon you to "Depart and go hence."

Can you say, with Paul the Apostle, "I thank thee, O death, that thou hast freed me from this mortal body?"

Death knows nothing of earthly distinctions, nor can he be bribed. "A million of money for a moment of time!" shrieked a famous Queen, as the awful apparition met her in her bed chamber, but Death stayed not the stroke of his uplifted spear.

"Ah," said a long impatient slumber, as he slouched along the sidewalk in time, "I'll go in here," and he entered the open door of a well-lighted church.

When he sat himself down on a seat at the door, the preacher rose and

gave out his text, "The wise of the wrath of God." Like haunted memories of hidden crimes pointing with ghastly fingers of fiery denunciation, and saying "Thou art the man," that text echoed and re-echoed in the drunkard's soul.

Uddery-voiced with presentiment—uttering those awful words, "The wrath of the wrath of God!" the man, of many lost opportunities staggered forth into the gloom of the night, staggered on haunted by the words of the text till a silent door stood before him.

There he entered.

"Give me a glass," said he, "a glass of—of—of—" then, as if the echoing text had mastered his scolding brain and nerveless lips, he concluded—"of the wine of the wrath of God!"

That moment the shadowy horseman met him and slew him. He threw up his arms and sank to death on the bar-room floor. "The sting of death is sin."

MRS. BUTLER, a Salvationist at-
tending, lay dying of consumption at
the time.

(Continued on page 4.)

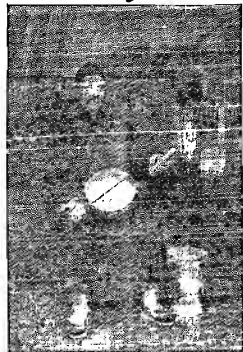
DEATH!

(Continued from page one.)

Melbourne. "Shall we sing, dear?" said her sister.
 "Yes—sing," replied Mrs. Butler, feebly.
 "The sister and a watcher began:
 "Who, who are these, beside the child,
 Just on the border of the silent grave,
 Shouting Jesus' power to save,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

The dying saint joined in the song, and waved her hand to the time, but like the pendulum of a clock about to stop, with each word the motion of the hand became less, till only a finger moved, and when the two women at her bedside commenced the chorus, "Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb," the moment of destiny for Harriet Butler had come. Her hand dropped motionless on the white coverlet, the grim pursuer of the human race met her then, but she saw him not, and scarce felt the blow, for her eyes were ravished with the unfolding glories of Christ, her Redeemer, and like all those who have been translated out of the material darkness into the marvellous light of the Kingdom of God's dear Son, she would say, "Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Friend, when you lie on your dying bed shall you meet death like the man portrayed on the frontpiece of this War Cry, or like her of whom you have just been reading?
 It is to God and your own heart you should reply, then act as your conscience dictates.



One of our Auxiliaries, and a member of the Naval and Military League, as he was photographed at Hong Kong.

Our Local Officers.

GOD BLESS THEM!

MASON, OF WINGHAM, whose picture was in the Cry recently, is the man who heard Colonel Dowie talk about holiness and thereupon got sanctified. He went back to his store, threw up the use of cigars, burnt all the playing cards he had in stock in the stove, and presented the Army with an organ, purchased with the proceeds of the jewellery he and his wife sold when he got sanctified.

"My God, I'm an awful fellow after all, with all my profession!" This was the expression he used when the light broke in on him. He was considered pretty square and good, too.

He's a regular, he is, and no mistake. The salvation he got through the instrumentality of the man who played the fiddle has a power of desirability in it. You'll find him on the job at Wingham, if you go.

Note—D O's are requested to send to the Editor a statement, with picture of their local officers for this column. 200 to 700 words in length, and the sketch should be written authoritatively interesting to make good reading for the thousands of War Cry readers who do not know the individual referred to.



"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."
 (MY MOTTO.)

FROM

Mrs. Booth's Office Table.

It is not often we hear from MRS. MAJOR COOPER, but she is fighting away as resolutely as ever in charge of Hamilton IL, and training her two little daughters to follow their sainted father's footsteps on earth, and to meet him in the skies. Referring to the Major, she writes: "They say that time is a great healer, but I must confess that it has not healed the deep wound that was made in my heart over five years ago, but of late the Lord is helping me in a wonderful manner, and I feel such a joy in living for OTHERS. I am getting on nicely. The Lord is saying truly, not so many as we would like, but we are praying, believing, and working for more, and He has promised to answer prayer. While the waters have been deep of late, we have had the assurance that God would bring things out all right, and so He has, without even the smell of fire on your garments! And then to think that amidst the rush of the battle you should remember my little ones! Truly war is no delighted, she danced all round, repeating, 'I can never forget Mrs. Booth!'"

Dear MRS. MAJOR SHARP, far away in Newfoundland, with her bright spirit on the alert for souls, says: "I only want to live so that others shall be blessed and made better by my life. My soul hungers more after the Spirit of Christ. I want to be more LIKE HIM. How often I sing that dear old verse, 'Take my poor heart, and let it be forever closed to all but Thee.' While I meet with fresh temptations, I do want to have my spirit closed to all but Christ. I believe to-day I am in the place where I can be the most use to God, therefore I love the place I am in. I never loved the light more than I do to-day. Hallelujah!"

It is beautiful to see how quickly our officers get to work, and how the organization of the Army provides a special corner for everybody. Whatever their rank or circumstances, or capacity there is some little chink where they can fit in, to go on with the light. Here in a housewife's Office who was forced through failing health to stop back for a while. There is everything to come her to settle down at home with folded hands, but she, she says, "I can do nothing but what I can. I have taken charge of THE CHILDREN. They are getting along nicely. I started with fourteen and the last time I had twenty-nine, but oh, how I do long for the time when I can go on with the fight. With my Saviour's smile and His loving hand to guide, there is nothing else I covet except to do more for Him."

Captain Collet, at Wingham, sets one smiling with her new version of an old chorus, "I feel like saying," she declares, "as they sing of the Queen, 'Grant them victorious, happy and glorious, long to reign over us, God bless our leaders.' I want to live so that neither my Lord nor the Salvation Army shall ever repent of having called me into the service. The Commandant remarked that some people's sympathy was as deep that you could not reach it. I have felt that I am one who would appear to be like that, but I can truthfully say I never felt more one with God, the Army, and my fellows than I do to-day. I intend, by God's grace, to do more this year than ever before."

"I am AIMING HIGH," Captain Soper testifies, "but I do believe God will help me reach the prize of my calling in Christ Jesus. I aim to be nothing less than a real warrior. I

am so thankful there are some true saints who do live up to the mark themselves, as well as try to teach others to come up to it. I will to be all God can make me, but it seems to take me so long to reach there."

MRS. ADJUTANT MCGILLIVRAY gives us a hint from her married life. "I feel I have much—oh, SO MUCH—to thank God for! In return for His bountiful goodness and lovingkindness to me all I am, and all I have shall be His. I am truly thankful that He has willed it that my life shall be spent for Him in the Salvation Army. I want to be WORTHY THE NAME of a Salvationist. I feel more than ever conscious of my own utter weakness, but on the other hand I have a deeper, fuller sense of the power of our Almighty God. Last year—my first as an officer—was the very best year of my life."

MRS. ADJUTANT TAYLOR, too, finds her Heaven complete in the service of the Saviour, with many a chance to point poor, storm-tossed souls to the cross at her post in the Social Work in the London Shelter. "As regards my own soul," she testifies, "I am praying that this may be the best year, and that I may become more useful for the Master. The deep desire of my heart is summed up in this little verse:

"'Long to be more courageous, Lord,
 A hero in the strife;
 Give me, dear Lord, THE LION'S HEART."
 Oh, give me larger life!"

With what interest we notice the handwriting of dear MRS. ENSIGN MALTRY. How many of our ladies still think of their days of Cadetship under their Training Home mother, then Staff-Captain Banks. Her experience has the same ring of thanksgiving now as then. "The Lord has been so specially good to me," she declares. "I have so much to praise Him for, I am longing to be made a blessing to the people, and MY LITTLE TREASURES is doing splendidly so far. She is a strong, healthy child, and I am believing—If God shall spare her—she shall be made a blessing to many souls. I do earnestly crave grace to enable me from her earliest days to train her for the Lord. We are training her 'Aunt Catherine' was second name after our Army Mother. I want her to be a partner in the Lord's Army spirit."

"I do value my privilege as a SALVATIONIST," says a letter from ENHINGTON JOST, who has left her beloved Newfoundland to pitch her tent in Canada. "I value it more and more each year. It is so grand indeed to be FREE TO SERVE, and I have found no joy to compare with the joy of knowing that God is making me a blessing to some hearts and lives. I am praying that God will make me a real blessing to the girls in the Rescue Home."

Thank God for the fighting spirit. LEUTENANT WARD, of Deseronto, writes: "I have Jesus with me. Who has become my life in all. Hallelujah. And He has filled me with the fighting spirit, and with His help I am going in to extend His kingdom and increase the ranks of the Salvation Army."

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.—George Ethelbert.

OUR KNIGHTS OF VALOR.



NELLIE DALLAS, 24, John III, N.R.

SALVATION - SOCIALISM.

"Do not be words."

WORKING WOMEN'S HOME.

74 AGNES STREET, Toronto is the number of a nice, respectable-looking house, which has across the front of it, in big gold letters on a black ground, the words, "Salvation Army Working Women's Home." Over the doorway another rather striking sign has the two words.

"JESUS SAVES."

In one of the windows a white card with blue letters reminds the passer-by that the Home is also a "Day Nursery," and that children left there will be properly cared for.

A ring at the bell brought Captain Lowry, a hallelojah lady, with a kind and smiling face, to the door, and shortly after Lieutenant Adams came downstairs attired in regulation bonnet and cape for out-door duties. The Home is bright and cheerful throughout, and will well repay a visit from any persons who wish to see what the Army is doing for the very poor in this way.

The value set upon the Home by the women who have in the past availed themselves of its

WARMTH, FOOD AND SHELTER, may be gathered from the fact that one of them made the Home a present of a goose for Christmas day dinner.

The children in the Day Nursery are clean, warm, bright, and happy, and one of them, a little colored boy of between two and three years, a sort of miniature Othello,

HIS JET BLACK EYES

gleaming mischievously, looked up and laid out his little brown fist for a make with all the force imaginable. We played soon after, and he was just as much at home at getting into orthodox position for prayer. The two officers next-door, with English Holiness, ran the establishment. They speak highly of the kindness of some of Toronto's citizens, who are liberal with food and money. Nighten bells are kept ready for inmates, and since the inauguration of the Home by Mrs. Booth, in January, '04, 15,771 beds have been supplied, and 4,388 meals. Here's the tariff—

Cup of tea, two cents.
 Bread and butter, two cents.
 Soup, two cents.
 Beef stew, five cents.
 Pork, ten cents.
 It costs ten cents to leave a baby there for a day.

It will easily be understood that these prices do not meet expenses, but they are the only way of saving so God will help you do it. Should remember that the Cry save the world. Of course

ABOUT THE Great Cry Book

JAN. 28th to FEB. 5th

(Written for Soldiers, Recruits, Friends throughout the Territory)

BY MAJOR J. REA

A MEXICA has had some very busy days. Canada has been behind on this line. These Boms have gone up rocket and come down like leaving a train of smoke behind them. Others have been Bomed until their fortune made. However, Boms is as far as Salvationists in the Territory are concerned just at this time. The Boms is now about to be for days it will be upon a be at its height. In this Boms, recruit and friend active part in securing new and customers. Just a few to all interested parties.

Did you sign the "reply Commandant's Manifesto" a ago? Then stand by your help them out. It will be each soldier to remember corps has been given a certificate to sell. Your Captain is just what the figure is. responsibility of selling so God will help you do it. Should remember that the Cry save the world. Of course

RIGHTS OF VALOR.



LLEAS, St. John III, N.B.

N - SOCIALISM.

eds-not words!"

WOMEN'S HOME.

THREET, Toronto is the
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hus across the front of
d lotions on a black
ords, "Salvation Army
men's Home." Over the
her rather striking sign
words,

SUS SAVES."

Windows a white cord
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Home is also a "Day
that children left there
ly cared for.

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foully inside, with a
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ter Lieutenant McCann
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a bright and cheerful
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OOD AND SHELTER,
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BLACK DYES

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home, who are liberal
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January, '04, 15,717
supplied, and 4,820
the tariff:-

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try to help the peo-
suffering from it.



NEWMARKET, ONTARIO, CORPS.

ABOUT THE Great Cry Boom,

JAN. 29th to FEB. 5th.

(Written for Soldiers, Recruits, and Friends throughout the Territory.)

BY MAJOR J. READ.

AMERICA has had some Booms in her day. Canada has been in no wise behind on this line. Some of these Booms have gone up like a rocket and come down like the stick, leaving a trail of smoke behind. Some which they had never heard the word "Boom." Others have boomed and boomed until their fortune has been made. However, Boom is the word, as far as Salvationists throughout the Territory are concerned, especially just at this time. The War Cry Boom is now about to begin. In a few days it will be upon us, in fact be at its height. In this boom every recruit and friend can take active part in securing new subscribers and customers. Just a few pointers to all interested parties:-

Did you sign the "reply" to the Commandant's Manifesto a few weeks ago? Then stand by your leaders and help them out. It will be well for each soldier to remember that his corps has been given a certain number to sell. Your Captain will tell you just what the figure is. Take the responsibility of selling so many, and God will help you do it. Soldiers should remember that the profits got from the sale of the Cry go to help save the world. Of course there is

not a soldier throughout the Territory who will fail to buy a Cry themselves. No more borrowing one from another, but to independent and get a copy of your own. Then read it well, and go and tell others of its good qualities. Get your relations interested in the Cry. Perhaps your grandfather, grandmother, uncle, or aunt have never set their eyes on this lovely paper. Shame if they have not. While other papers are full of political and war talk our gazette is filled with up-to-date facts about the fight against the forces of Beelzebub.

Why cannot each soldier secure personally at least three new subscribers or customers? This would materially assist. Then loyal soldiers will also remember that the more Cry's are sold the more financial assistance will be given their brave officers in connection with the F. O.'s Clothing Club. It is a great advantage to have a paper delivered at your own door. If you become a subscriber this advantage will be yours. The government will do it for you gratis. What a consideration! If you take a Cry weekly yourself you can then with confidence urge others to take it. Go at it, then, ye hero!

Be very careful in filling our Boys' Report. While putting lots of spirit into soliciting subscribers and customers, put the same spirit into the manner in which you fill out your Report. Keep it clean. Make correct entries. Let it be an advertisement of your business capacities. Keep names of "subscribers" on one side of the Report, and names of "customers" on the other. Every item and amount must be carefully entered, as any muddle in this respect will spoil the scheme. Tell each subscriber that they will receive an official receipt for their subscription direct from it, with their "third" copy of the

Cry. Remember that the Captain has to make out his report from the Doomer's report. Hence the great need of keeping the latter very clean.

Let the street sales be pushed ahead with even greater energy. Some of our dear soldiers in Winnipeg and Victoria have done exceedingly good work on this line. Don't let it flag or drag. Keep up the spirit, and watch the Competition Roll in future issues. Oh, the numbers of dear people in prisons, poor houses, hospitals, and like institutions, who eagerly wait and watch for the weekly advent of this messenger of peace and mercy! Soldiers and friends, it is yours to satisfy their longings. See that you do it. Be careful to see that you pay your admission fee to the special meeting on Saturday night, February 1st. The fee will be—ONE WAR CRY!

Bombard the villages. Assist your Captain by forming one of a Brigade who shall systematically visit the villages and outposts around your corps. Don't begin to canvass until you have yourself carefully read through the columns of the Cry.

NOTE. Try and make every customer into a yearly or semi-yearly subscriber.

Pacific Nuggets.

MOSCOW, IDAHO.—We have been making things lively around Moscow for a while. We had a "Drunkard's Home" represented on our platform. A very impressive meeting. Christmas night the little ones of our Junior meeting, and as many new children as we could gather in, were made happy by a Christmas tree, or rather four of them, for we had that num-

ber very well loaded. The following night we had enrollment of soldiers, the first time in Moscow. The hall well filled with people. They paid good attention all the way through and especially so to the swearing-in. Four men and four women were added to our ranks as full soldiers in the Army. There are others whom we expect to enroll before very long. Our watch meeting last night was a time when God came very near to us. His Spirit was poured out and we had a glorious meeting. When the invitation was given six precious souls came out. We had a number of testimonies to womanly answers to prayer. It was long after midnight when we went home, praying the Lord for the privilege of working for Him in the Army.—Capt. and Mrs. [Name]



CAPT. WOODRUFF and LT. ZIEBARTH, of Bozeman, Montana, the Pacific Province S.D. champions. Matched \$500.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

With the greatest pleasure and assurance of its value to our whole Territory, we invite the special attention of our readers to the deeply fervent letter from Mrs. Commandant Booth, on the subject of the War Cry Room.

NOTHING in the history of religious literature has equalled the marvellous rise and progress of the Army's celebrated weekly paper, the WAR CRY. Twenty years ago there was no War Cry; to-day it is published in about sixteen different languages, in thirty-eight different countries and colonies, and with its satellites for the young people, the Social work, etc., circulates just upon a million copies weekly throughout the world.

The War Cry has not achieved this unparalleled triumph by pandering to either the world, the flesh, or the devil. It is a straight, salvation paper, and its motto is, broadly, "For God and Humanity." The War Cry is the official gazette of the Salvation Army, the work of which organization it mirrors and upholds. In the full belief that the Army is one of the best organizations extant for furthering the purposes of Christ in the world. Its present status in the periodical literature of the age is a triumphant refutation of the reiterated assertion that strictly Christian principles are not compatible with commercial success. In these competitive days, it having reached its present exalted, God-given position without the aid of a cent from advertisements and without the sacrifice of principle. The War Cry is God's paper, speaking for God's Kingdom every time, and the profits on it go into no man's pocket, they are devoted to the spread of the War as much as the donations and ordinary offerings of the people.

The value of the War Cry to the public generally cannot well be over-estimated. It furnishes one of the best means of offence for our Army soldiery in the aggressive war on Sin, in which the Army wages its every land. With the War Cry in his or her hand (for women and men have absolutely equal rights in the Army), the Salvation soldier finds his way to the saloons, race-courses, theatres, and wherever sinners and the sinning are. Instances abound where the message of salvation through the War Cry has reached the hitherto of places like those mentioned, and resulted in their conversion, while its influence in the conversion of nominal Christians and stirring up professing Christians generally has been most remarkable. In the War Cry the ministers and churches have a great auxiliary, as the paper is sure to add to the effectiveness of any Christian people who read it.

To our own people the War Cry is indispensable. Besides furnishing a splendid weapon for aggressive warfare, its songs and stories supply ready help for every meeting, its Holiness

and other articles bless the soul and instruct the mind, its story of war inspires to fresh efforts for Christ; "it is a social, spiritual, missionary and temperance organ all in one." In a word, it means salvation for the unsaved, sanctifying zeal for the people of God, and it is the Salvationist's weekly hand-book for the street war, the barracks, and the home. Without it, no Salvationist can keep up to date with the progress of his own organization.

For a long time the Commandant has contemplated increasing the sales of the War Cry by one great annual, systematically-organized effort. The time has now come for the first War Cry Boom Week, the first in the Army's history, so far as we know, to take place. A hand-book of instructions, written by the Commandant, has been sent to all the responsible leaders in the fight, the necessary paper machinery has been supplied, and the battle is about to commence. We commend the cause to God and our comrades of all ranks, but especially the soldiers. Like Self-Denial Week, this Boom Week is the battle of the rank and file. We say again, the individual workers in the ranks hold the keys of victory. Comrades, the War Cry is at once God's paper, the people's paper, and YOUR paper, to push its sale is to advance the cause of Christ as much as any other of our Army operations would do. What shall be your response to this opportunity and call to war?

Finally, let no one of us depend on the mere fact of possessing a wonderful organization. Good as that is, it is only the body, and the body without a soul in it is but a corpse for burial. Comrades, trust in God. Go out to this Boom Week in His name and strength, be saturated with the Spirit of Christ, make this a holy crusade indeed, fought by "men of hope and faith and prayer." If the host who go to war in this special campaign go FROM THEIR KNEES TO THE FIGHT, nothing can withstand us, the victory will be won, God will be glorified and souls will be saved. Pray, comrades, pray.

Amongst the many statesmanlike schemes for furthering the Salvation War which the Commandant has devised during his administration here, none have been more radical or more consistent with the intrinsic spirit of the Salvation Army than the present great reduction in the price of the Army's official organ. The Army, if it is to make progress in that realm for whose spiritual need it was specially created, must ever answer quickest to that need which is the greatest. The finger of Christ, pointing to the poorest, indicates unerringly the direction in which our chiefest effort must be applied, and it is cause for deep thankfulness that with the flight of time the Army is bonding its energies increasingly in that direction. The General's famous message, "Go straight for souls, and go for the worst," is surely an inspired one. It is, then, thoroughly in keeping with this that the War Cry goes down from five cents to two cents in price.

For over two years the Commandant has had the matter under consideration. Privately or in council, almost every officer throughout the Territory has been consulted, and now, at last, tremendous as is the step and the risk, the deed has been done, the paper, with no reduction in size, is to sell at two cents a copy.

The great fact which has weighed with the Commandant, and forced his decision, is that the Army is of and for the people, but a five-cent paper is not within reach of the greater part of them in these hard times.

The cause is now commended to God and His soldiers: it is on the lines of coming closer to the spiritual needs of the people. God knows our hearts, —fearless we await the response of the Boom Week.



Lt. ZIEBAR 9, 1 Vet. B.C., who said
350 War. J. 4, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841

In all our wide Territory, comprising about 3,600,000 square miles, reaching east to Bermuda, west to Vancouver, north to the pole, and south to the 45th parallel, there has been no one in the War of the Boomers, Lighthoos and the Cry-Setters, who could match the Cry-setting clumpishness of Sergeant Jennie Hahbirk, of Winnipeg. Now, however, one of our American officers, stationed at Victoria, B.C., has naturally gone far and away past the Hahbirk standard, and records a 350 mile, while Lieut. Smith, of Bermuda, records a 300 mile. May the Lord especially bless these three boomers.

Query—Will Lieut. Ziebart keep it up?
 Nay, she cannot go back. A boom will be the determining factor to plant the standard so high it will never know a retreat as quick. That being so, how will the william champion, Sergeant Hahkirk, tolerate second place? She has, I believe, good Scotch blood in her veins, and therefore will not give in easily. *Lieut. Smith's* mettle we do not yet know. Good start, however, counts for something. Will she give highest in Boom week? There is said to be used ability dormant in our great Territory, and Boom week will unearth some of these sleeping giants.

App-al Case Funds Urgently Needed.

Brigadier Scott reads us the following three columns from the *Herald*, a Journal published at Windsor, N.S., in which Judge de Wolfe, writing in the capacity of a citizen of Windsor, sends an open letter to the Mayor and Town Council, in regard to their recent action towards the Army. The article presents an excellent case for the Army, basing his argument on the Army's past conflicts and victories for the right to protect Christ in the land. He reads, "I am glad to see that the late Mr. General Booth has written to a magistrate a little while ago, who asked whether we would not give up the procession: 'Oh, dear no! I would go to jail and die there, before I would give up my duty. We catch our breath, and then we go on.'"

"But," said he, "we would give you up to go in." "Oh, thank you," I said, "but the men are not in the field, we are after the people, and we must go on." "Well," he said, "what are you going to do?" "We are posing all the magistrates, proclaiming the towns." "No," I said, "go on, to be sure." Suppose they put all your towns in a chain?" "Oh, I said, 'We have plenty ready to offer themselves to fill their places. You try it, when the prisons are full, they take

English people will rise and ask what they are compelled to keep the people in jail, and pay taxes for their support, for preaching the Gospel. 'But,' he asked, 'what will you say to the magistrates who condemn you?' 'The old answer will do.' 'Whether it be right to obey man rather than God, judge ye.'

Our readers will probably remember the circumstances which give rise to Judge do Wolfe's letter, viz., an attempt on the part of the authorities at Windsor to interfere with our rigins in the open-air. The case was appealed, and at present judgment is deferred, the Justice who tried the case desiring to inform himself more thoroughly on the judgments given upon similar disputes in Great Britain.

We have now to appeal to our many friends, lovers of righteousness and liberty, to help us meet the expenses involved in connection with this enterprise. We have no money or funds for this purpose, and specially need the generous assistance of our readers. Donations sent to Brigadier Scott, St. John, N.B., will be acknowledged in the War Cry.

The Crusaders' Band, in charge of Captain Harris, are doing a good work in Idaho in the mining camps. They go down in the mines, billet with Catholic saloon-keepers, get some bad men saved, and sleep on the soft side of a seat in their halls occasionally. Two unsaved young men at Genoa brought out a cornet and tenor horn, and joined the boys in their music.

The Very Latest.

[SPECIAL BY WIRE]

MONTREAL. — Braves march for ward. We are still alive fighting to and gaining the victory. Saturday at Refuge, meeting led by Sergeant Johnson, two souls were found seeking mercy. Sunday, glorious holiness meeting, outcome, two for salvation. Monday, a stirring time night one for the Lord. Tuesday, a meeting, comrades for the Lord. Two souls found weeping for mercy. Making results for week-end six for salvation, one for cleansing. Soldiers going in to push WAR CRY BOOM. Fire for souls in our watchword. Another enrolment being arranged. Another.

Great rejoicing this morning at Ensign Watson's. Another Casket arrived. Mother and boy are doing well.—Ensign D. McAmmon.

THE LATEST!

HAMILTON I - Splendid welcome meetings. Beautiful crowd of warm-hearted smokers and friends. Two souls. God glorified. Hurrah for Hamilton! - Eugene Lowry, Captain Stephens and Lieut. McCann.

ST. THOMAS - Captain Seebell, the P.A., with us for week-end. Big times! Large crowds, wonderful times in the open-air, devil kicked, city stirred up souls under deep conviction, proceeded away for G. I. M. also going up. Come and see us again, Captain. - Captain Wineman.

WESTERN.

VICTORY IN E.B.

We are all rejoicing that we have got our Provincial target, \$4,000,000. The following districts have gone over long way above their target: WINNIPEG, Adjutant Rawling, D.O.; BRANDON, D.O.; Captain Waines, D.O.; GRANTFORD, Captain Gae, D.O.

FARM DISTRICT, Neudorf Hoesche D.O., have got their target, while the other clubs have come in a little behind, but all have worked hard.

The following clubs have gone over their target: WINNIPEG, Captain Goodwin; BRANDON, Captain Waines; VIRIDEN, Captain Hays; SASKATCHEWAN, Captain Wain; PASTORAL, Captain

WILKINS; RAPID CITY, Lieut. Campbell; FARGO, Ensign Hughes; GRAND FORKS, Ensign Gale; GRAFTON, Captain Kemp; EMBERSON, Captain Cromarty; MORDEN, Ensign Smith; PORT ARTHUR, Captain Thomas; FORT WILLIAM, Captain McKay; MOOSE JAW, Captain Dwyer, and MOOSOMEN, Captain Mercer. There are fifteen above and nine below their targets. All the corps in Brandon district went above their targets. We are all giving God the glory.

MAJOR H. BENNETT.

EASTERN PROVINCE

**Extraordinary Campaign for
February, March, April.**

S.D. TARGET REACHED

THROUGH the good blessing of our Heavenly Father and the faithful toil of His sons and daughters, the S.-D. target has been reached. Cheered by this accomplishment, and a beautiful manifestation of His power and presence at Moncton during our Staff Council at the commencement of the year, we feel bold to venture upon a united effort for the furtherance of the war during the three months mentioned. "Hitherto hath the Lord

Carefully considering the possibilities before us, the difficulties that surround our path, the enthusiasm of the Eastern troops, and the grace and power of God to help us, the following has been decided upon as in increase on any other figures for a three month's campaign:—

- 1.-To capture 650 prisoners, or an average of 100 per week.
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- 7.-To raise 100 new J. & C. Companies.
- 8.-To raise 20 new Candidates.
- 9.-To thoroughly organize the Ward System where it is necessary.
- 10.-To organize and regularly conduct Sunday meetings.
- 11.-To increase our Local Officers.
- 12.-To increase the cartridge

In addition to re-arrangement of the rents of the Army properties in the East, and taking part in the War Cry Boom, we enter with strong faith upon the three months' campaign. We are now putting forth every effort to make the War Cry Boom a gigantic success. In addition to this and the property arrangements, we hope to accomplish our target.

Each district will have a target given them. The district officers in turn will deal with their corps. We are hoping, by the good blessing of God, and what can be done with believing, sanctified hearts and hands that we shall come rejoicing bringing in our sheaves with us.

Praying that God will bless all readers of this *Ex*.

Yours in earnest Christianity,
T. W. SCOTT, Pres. Sec.

East Ontario Briefs.

OTTAWA. — We have started the New Year for great victory. Three souls have sought and found salvation. Going in for a boom in every branch of the work this next three months. Brengn and Mrs. Wiseman are fighting. Lieut. Kirkwood and the faithful pastor are trying to do likewise. — H. C. Kendall.

PETERBORO.—God has blessed us abundantly this week. Our watch-night service was grand. A poor sinner came to Jesus. We also had a march after the watch-night service. We had a bonquet New Year's day. All day Sunday God came near. Our soul at night—after I sang.

The Question of the Hour.

MRS. BOOTH

Issues a Manifesto to the Soldiers of North-West America.
Canada and Newfoundland.

My Beloved Comrades,—

During the Commandant's absence in England, my heart is stirred to its very depths in an earnest endeavour to arouse in you the fervent anxiety I feel for the success of this great "War Cry" Boom, with its momentous consequences.

The Anniversary Councils of 1895 will be marked in Army history for the exceptional earnestness with which this burning question was entered into and discussed. But now the time has come for action.

Action I

Now, it remains to be seen whether we have force and fire enough to carry our convictions INTO PRACTICE.

The metal of our devoted troops has been tested repeatedly, in many a fierce and subtle battle, but the pure gold of enthusiasm has survived, and shone out above all the malignant opposition with which the prince of darkness would defeat our advance.

I cannot, will not—I DARE NOT—believe that in this instance we shall allow our sworn, relentless foe to checkmate us! Ah, NEVER, whilst we grasp the hand of our Crucified Redeemer! NEVER, whilst we drink of the cup of His pity for the poor, sin-starved crowds. NEVER, while for one hour we can watch with Him in dark Gethsemane, as He wrestles there in anguish, with a broken heart bearing the burden of a sin-cursed world.

No, we shall NOT face failure!

We Shall Conquer!

We shall conquer—but only with the aid of ALL! Our advance must be UNANIMOUS! We must move forward in one compact, solid square, not an officer faint-hearted, not a soldier to waver. We need the weakest. Close in, dear comrades; rally to the bugle. Let nothing hinder. Forward, with your "War Cry" charge. Let fly your feathered arrows, your white-winged messengers. Scatter them in such enormous quantities amongst the enemy that their camps shall be levelled to the ground, and a million captives be set free.

Our Charging-Step—

The Love of Christ.

In closing, let me quote a few lines to you: "The Spartans," says the historian, "used not the trumpet in their march into battle. Their charging-step was made to the mood of flutes and soft recorders. The valor of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or a rousing impulse." And so, to-day, the charging-step of this brave wing of the Salvation Army is set to the sweet melody of Free Grace and Dying Love.

"THE CROSS IS THE ATTRACTION"—QUICK MARCH!

There is not one moment to be lost.

Yours in the thick of the fight,

Cornelle Booth.

THE GENERAL IN AUSTRALIA.

A Continuous March of Conquests and Ovations.

143 SOULS AT BRISBANE.

LAUNCESTON.

The General arrived by special train shortly before six a.m., and was heartily welcomed by a strong reception party.

At 9.30 a.m. he conducted a Council at the Temperance Hall. This was hardly over when he was solicited for a press interview, in the commencement of which he rather embarrassed the reporters by saying "there was nothing he enjoyed more than getting 'pressmen' into the Kingdom of Heaven, because if they were all converted there would be a chance of the press exercising a wonderful influence for good, and helping to bring about the millennium. Unfortunately, he said, pressmen never came to him and said, 'What must I do to be saved?' The press seemed getting a little hot, and a judicious question brought the General to mundane affairs.

The Social meeting at the Mechanics' Institute, presided over by the Mayor, was very largely attended, a great number of the leading citizens, several members of Parliament and ministers of religion occupying seats on the platform, as well as members of public bodies.

The meeting terminating but a short time before the a.s. Centennial left to catch the Melbourne steamer at Rosevear, there was only time for a hurried luncheon. A great crowd of Salvationists and others assembled on the wharf, and the General embarked amidst the greatest enthusiasm.

TOOWOOMBA.

was the next place on the list. It took them eighteen hours to get there from Sydney. The day was sultry. The sun blazed white hot, but a large crowd gathered in spite of it at the depot, where Mr. Green, M.L.A., welcomed the General in a very meritorious speech. At night he took the chair at the Social Scheme meeting. In spite of the almost insufferably stifling atmosphere, it is the opinion of the members of the party that the Toowoomba address capped the last. Then followed

BRISBANE.

where thousands of people gave the General a most terrific welcome. The Mayor of Brisbane, Mr. Fraser, had prepared a beautiful illuminated address of welcome on behalf of the city, and bearing its official seal.

On Sunday the Opera House saw some grand salvation scenes. There was a big break in the morning among the unconverted. In the afternoon and night the godless crowds received special and particular attention, the grand total for the day being 77 souls. Monday was a repetition of Sunday. After special meetings all day there was a hellish finish, caused by the capture of 66 souls.

OUR KNIGHTS OF VALOR.



ALFRED C. BELL, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

Wilkins, RAPID CITY, Lieut. Campbell, FARGO, Ensign Hughes; GRAND FORKS, Ensign Gale; GRAFTON, Captain Kemp; EMMERSON, Captain Cromarty; MORDEN, Ensign Smith; PORT ARTHUR, Captain Thomas; PORT WILLIAM, Captain McKay; MOOSE JAW, Captain Dwyer, and MOOSEMIN, Captain Mercer. There are fifteen above and nine below their targets. All the corps in Brandon district went above their targets. We are all giving God the glory.

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It also and ask who...
...to keep the people...
...taxes for the...
...the Gospel...
...what will you say...
...who you say...
...answer will do...
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...judge ye."

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BY WIRE]

Braves march for...
...all alive fighting for...
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...led by Sergeant...
...were found seeking...
...glorious holiness...
...two for salvation...
...suffering time might...
...faith rewarded...
...sweeping for mercy...
...or week-end six for...
...cleaning. Soldiers...
...WAR CRY BOOM...
...is our watchword...
...being arranged.

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...Another Cadet ar...
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— Splendid welcome...
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...ut. McCann. Cap...
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...again, Captain. --

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...ton, D.O.; GRAND...
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...WINNIPEG, Ensign...
...N, Captain Watton...
...Haven: NEPEAWA...
...BERRY, Capta

quarters at Reykjavik, Iceland.

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good rooms and many roomy buildings, together with a large ground, much of which we let out at a good rental.

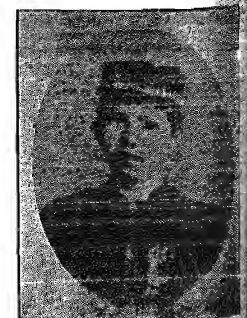
THE opening meeting was attended by the Bishop of the State Church and other noted folks, who are largely sympathetic with our work, and have enough to show it. Now there is a wonderful wave of enthusiasm sweeping over us, so that this month the soldiers' roll has been doubled and the total of converts three times as many as any other month. The world and the devil can't make it out. They thought we were going to lay down before winter set in, but instead of that we are invading their territory with greater results than ever. This revival has roused a bitter opposition against us, and some fighting has taken place in and outside our barracks. The crowds are so great that the streets leading to the hall have been blockaded the whole evening, the police being unable to force the crowds. However, there has been a declaration issued all posted up on every street corner, to the effect that persons assembling around the S. A. hall at the time of meetings are liable to a fine amounting to \$25.

THE Icelandic War Cry, "Herold," has begun its mission, and is gaining great favor among the people. In this town of 4,000 people we have obtained 100 yearly, advanced subscribers, beside the corps sale of 300 copies.

Our greatest need is some native officers to open up the principal places around the coast. I am at present the only officer who speaks and writes the language, which makes it difficult to advance further. There are some Icelandic soldiers here and some in Canada who should be missionaries among their own people. What do they say?

THOMAS J. DAVIDSON, Capt. Methodist, Reykjavik, Iceland.

and appear to be more and more interested in the work. One dear girl professes to have found the four- A. Bailey, for Ensign Gibbs and Capt. May.



Our Regular Correspondent, ALEX. MOFFATT, of New Brunswick, "See-Saw" fame.



Drummer Heath, Bandmaster W. Downes, J. Wiggardener, Will Nichol, N. Milner, Org. McDonald, H. Abbott, J. Westmore, J. & C. Can. Biddle Cam, E. Craft, W. Graham, George Dunlop, Herald Edrings.

[OUR SERIAL]

Uncle Ben, A NEWFOUNDLAND VETERAN.

MRS. MAJOR READ.

PAINT II.

"I WAS thinking," continued Uncle Ben, as he sat in the plain little dining-room, the glow from the sparkling fire in the grate shining upon his happy face, "whether it was not the pipe led me to drink. I remember my first smoke—and my last, with a sigh of relief."

"I know I was wonderful sick with my first smoke. I did not know anything about the work, you know. When I was five I wanted to be good but seems to me I didn't have no one to lead me. It was not like 'tis in the Army. There was no one to teach him the 'way of life.' It was when he had fastened the fangs upon him as a serpent that his conscience was thoroughly aroused."

"My father was leading a schooner one day," he told us, "and sent up liquor for all hands. It was the custom then, you know. They loaded the liquor in the cabin. I went down and drank and drank until I was full."

"I said I would never drink any more after that. I was sick at it."

"And did you ever break that promise, Uncle Ben?" we interrogated.

"Oh, yes, I drank more after that, to my sorrow."

"Then he told us about the time he might have acquired a little education, but was too careless to learn. I am sorry I did not like to go to school, but I learned to read the Bible and sing hymns. I got saved. The War Cry has been a great help to me."

"The time came, though, when I got convinced of sin. It was when I was going home in a schooner one time. There was liquor on board. My cousin encouraged me to take some. I was a married man then."

"Oh, yes, I have been married," as we looked surprised, we were so accustomed to seeing him alone, "but my wife has been dead twenty years. She was a good Christian—enthusiastically—and a worker, too. I used to go to church in those days when ashore. Still I liked my rum. I sate some once THAT SETTLED ME. I never drank any more. It was twenty years ago I got converted in a revival in Trinity Bay."

"I suppose you had some good times in the Methodist church in those old days?"

"Yes, it was grand. I remember all about it, praying, dancing, shouting in real earnest. I believe I was truly converted by the Holy Spirit. I smoked a pipe at first. I knewed it was wrong to do, but there was the rum into me for it."

"Tell us why you gave it up then, Bro. Ben; it was before the Army days, wasn't it?"

"It was just this way: On my knees, three days after my conversion, I heard a voice say to me, 'Give up all.' I knewed it was the Lord, so answered back,

'WHAT IS IT, LORD?'

"'Thy heart,' the voice said. 'Give up all and you shall have all.' I said, 'Yes, Lord, here go.'"

"How did you become a Salvation soldier?" we asked this old warrior, who for so many years has known the blessedness of God's continual smile.

"I knowed all about the Army. I understood the Army. I believed a people was to come for years. I respected them. I knew they was the

best to God to send them along. When first I seed them I say, 'They're the proper religion. They're the people for me.' It was plain as A B C to me. A man from England told me about it before that. I could not see why then the Lord was leading me into the Army. I see now. I have chances of doing good I wouldn't have any other way. It makes me happy when I think what the Lord brought me from. I was brought down to extreme poverty when I was sick for three years. No, indeed, I don't mind you speaking about that. That was before my wife died. I had a family of four. My wife says to me, 'How are you going to get through the winter for food?' I said then, 'The Lord is going to send it along.' How did He do it? Why, He just opened the hearts of the people."

"Then I got better, and went to the ice into a large steamer. The Lord opened up other ways I could not see, and I made some money. He provided for me wonderful."

"This long illness was not Uncle Ben's only trouble. Sorrow in a great surging storm came to his tender heart after this time of privation. His wife died, leaving his four motherless little ones to his care. 'I didn't know how I was going to get along,' he said of this dark hour. 'But I just knelt down on my knees and asked the Lord to show me how to bring them up. He did help me! I went through a lot after that, for I lost three of my children.'"

(To be continued.)

ST. STEPHEN, N.B.—Souls are being saved. Backsliders are coming home. The friends in this place did not forget us on Christmas eve, but brought to the barracks gifts of groceries and meat. On Christmas day Captain officers and soldiers came over

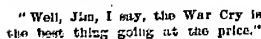
meetings. Since then three have knelt at the cross.—Capt. Moores and Lieut. Ryan, for Ensign Matthews.

HALIFAX N.S.—Christmas has come and gone, with all its cheer and good things. On Friday night we had a big Christmas tree for the children. They were delighted. Souls are getting saved and sanctified. —Sergeant Major Cashin.

BRIDGEWATER, N.S.—Glory to God, His faithful few are still fighting. Devil at work. Meeting disturbed. Special "As you were" meeting on Thursday night. People were interested.—Regular Correspondent.



ADJUTANT GENERAL, Chatham, Ontario, Br. Band.



**HOW HE LET THE DEVIL
GET THE BEST OF HIM.**

(Extracted from a private letter to
Capt. C. J. Staiger).

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

To Mr. C. Stalger.

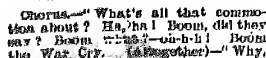
"HAVING HEARD where you were, I thought it would be a good chance to pen you a few lines. It is more than likely you remember E. W. . . . and our first meeting in 1897 and 1901. Do you remember when our first sweating-in service was held, and how some of us thought the rules were too binding? Well, it was then and there that I was first introduced to the astral, and I am sorry to say that the devil has been leading me ever since. I only wish that I were a true soldier in the Army today. As it is, I cannot break away from his grip. 'Too much sacrifice, too much humility, too much unbelief to overcome. I haven't been at any army camps since 1901, and I am sure of it. I have been where there is no Army. . . . I was No. 1 soldier in the H— corps, and I only wish now that I had let Christ lead me from the H— corps. I have lived a life of misery if you would have been one of peace and joy."

KNOWING that the sweating-in was not the only difficulty, but previous to that God had called this lad to the hold, I in my answer pointed this out to him, and shortly afterwards received the following reply:

"Mr. C. F. Stanger,— A . . . You can scarcely imagine how I have been miserably afflicted during the life of a back-slicker for about seven years. I am very much ashamed of myself when I let the devil get the best of me at H—, after tending as happy and peaceful a life as I did for seventeen or eighteen months in the Salsburg." "The Salsburg's work at the sweating-in time. How well I remember how we all

STUDIED THE RULES

from first to last, and someone raised the cry that it was demanding too much altogether, and right there the devil stopped in. However, I will agree with you that previous to the swearing-in the voice of God called me to the field, and I always said in reply that when my three years' apprenticeship at M— B—'s was up I would jump right into the field for God and the Army. But the time never came as my employer, as you



know, sold out, and I was free to do as God wanted me to. If I hadn't backslidden previous to this time. . . . When I think the matter over, I have to conclude that I was never really sanctified, although I imagined I was. I have been a hypocrite ever since. Nothing for Jesus, no matter what He asks you to do, haven't you? And I cannot say that I was quite willing to work as an officer in this army. I was only under the opinion of my friends and relations. . . . Well, I can only say that I would like to be as happy and consecrated as you are, but there is no use talking about it. I have no friends or friends' friends and relations and give myself up to God. The more I think of salvation the more miserable I get, and still it seems impossible to break free. I am a sinner and I am down to this world. . . . My advice to you is never to leave God or the Army."

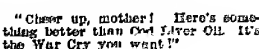
After writing to him again, I received the following:—

" December 7, 1895.

"Dear Friend and Comrade, — Your letter proved a blessing to me, as the advice you gave was a partial means of bringing me back to God after about eight years of wandering from my Father's house. Last night I fell at the cross, confessed all to the Saviour, and

GAVE MYSELF ENTIRELY

into his hands. Hallelujah! So I
sift to you the truth, march to-night, and
testify to a large crowd of God's
goodness in forgiving my sins. . . .
"In the matter of applying for the
work, I hardly see my way clear to
take the step for a while yet. How-
ever, I have made a complete ac-
quaintance, and am willing to walk in the
light of the truth, to my Lord."
I may let you know how God is
blessing me, and whether He is using
me in soul-saving work. I am thank-
ful for your service in sending me a
kind word. May God bless you. Per-
haps you may not write again; I
don't, I will ask your prayers for me.
I may always be your friend, and
I will enjoy the blessing of holiness
in the fullest meaning of the
word. I will also pray for you. Good-
bye. From your friend, J. E. W. V.



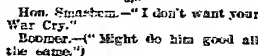
BARRIE.—After a little over nine months' toil and God-given privileges, farewell orders came. We were able to thank God for the victories He had given us together, and pray that the comforts and newly enrolled soldiers may be true. The corps is not only looking forward to the salvation of many souls, but also to the day when they will be able to praise God in a new barracks.—*Engen Scarr.*

NEWMARKET.— After five months' charge of this corps, Captain Jeanne Howcroft and Lieut. Bonetto have said farewell. Capt. Clark and Lieut. Way have been appointed as their successors. On Friday night, one died at the mercy seat. Capt. Hanks and

on Sunday. Two brothers knelt at the cross and received the blessing of a clean heart. A welcome awaits a return visit of the Staff Band. — J. A. Moffat, S. A.

LITTLE CURRENT. — We are not alone now, for God has given us some real blood-and-fire converts who are not afraid to let the people know that there is cleansing in the Saviour's blood. At one of our outposts a gentleman got so in earnest about his soul that he pulled off his coat. Praise God, He set him free. We have seen over thirty fall at the feet of Jesus. They are on fire for God. — Capt. Prast and Lt. Titled.

SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON. — Thank God, we have had the joy of seeing sinners come to God in Sydney. Since coming on December 1st nine precious souls have been saved. A number have held up their hands desiring our prayers. Some of the converts led the meeting on Monday night, and two were set free.—Carrie A. Sabine, Captain. Florence Anderson, Cadet.

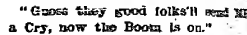


EXPLOITS, NFLD.—Not dead, neither are we sleeping. We can shout victory over reaching our target, and since E-D. dawned upon us we have had the joy of seeing nineteen precious souls at the cross. My, didn't they dance! Mr. Editor, if ever you come our way, don't fail to come in and have a look at us. We have got our new barracks shingled. — Lieut. Hiseock. Cadet Clark.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld. — This has been a real rousing good week. Ten souls for a Christmas box. A visit from Elsie and Gussy and seventeen recruits ready to be enrolled under the blood-and-fire flag. I have just ordered a stock of uniform, also an increase of War Cry. Good for Clarendville, only two months opened! — G. P. Thompson, Captain.

PILLET'S ISLAND—Monday morning we started for Ward's harbor, to get a little money for the San-Denial. We got there about four o'clock the afternoon. We had a good meeting in the evening at the school house, with one soul saved. After the meeting I explained San-Denial to the people. Next morning Brother Jones and I went off to collect. We visited about thirty islands, and secured with about \$150, and sold a few War Crs. At night ten souls were saved. Mr. Paddeck's house and sought for a few days. I was very glad to see him, my wife said a time we did save one. I told him that that she broke the bottom of the house. Next night we had three more. We got home on Friday with some money. I was very glad to see them. Father and Mother were with them. Father and Mother were with them. God is doing a great work here. We were kind to us—G. Parker, Captain.

SUMMERIDE, P. E. I. — We have



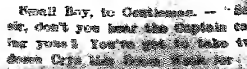
salvation. One of these has been miserably derided for years by tobacco. The fire burned the last of it in the store. Fire out for clean hearts. We must have results, souls saved and sanctified.—McIL.

CHATHAM.—This week-end meeting beautiful. Heavenly atmosphere. Soldiers act as if they were free. Lots of fishers and fair fishing. Two good fish and many more have taken the bait. Will be reporting them as caught next time.—Albert H. Cook, Captain, 1st Adjutant Cass.

NEEPAWA—**DH** you have a happy Christmas? **Rather!** Best one I ever put in yet. How was that? Why, the Lord spent Christmas with us. He came at 6.30 a.m., and marched with us. Then He was with us a knee-drill at 7 a.m. Then again a knee-drill at 8 a.m. Then a march at 9 a.m. Then the afternoon march at 10 a.m. Then the evening march at 11 a.m. and met the devil on the road. He suggested, "You'd better get home. People won't come out today." But we were bent on enjoying ourselves, supposing they didn't come. But they did come, and a sinner got saved. He lived! And last night we had Epiphany. And glory to God all the year 'round.

PORT ARTHUR.—The lantern view shown by Captain Bailey, our G.B. agent, on his recent visit, were appreciated by all, "The Flower of Faith," being such a genuine Arm scene, touched hearts that will doubt alter lives. Our meetings the year have been good. Yesterday, Sunday, we ended up with a good mart around the hall, after seeing three souls fall into the fountain.—Capt. Thomas and Lieut. Hammond.

INGERSOLL. — Quite a number "big guns" have taken part in the recent engagement. "John the Baptist," the "Hallelujah Shoemaker" from Clatham, Adjutant Turner, Egan Gibbs, Capt. Harper and Scott all to the front. Crowds and interest splendid. Enrollment of ten thousand Juniors. Converts getting fine. Winners coming to the cross, and old veterans sticking well to the guns. — M. K.



FREE-AND-EASY

Tuna—"He's the Lily

I've found the Way
 Lose my load
 The way to joy and
 Love
 The way to knock at
 "Sinner, enter in
 My pardon this day
 Is here."
 I've found the Way
 With those who
 Write on Him my
 Can roll;
 He's the Lily of the V
 and Morning St
 He's the fairest of
 my soul!

Old Cho

I've found the Truth
long in vain I
Wish earthly joys
its prize;
For Satan's ways so
bad soul had cast
While truth itself es-
capes my eyes.
But now my eyes
beauty I can see
Of Him Who waits
me whole;
He's the Lily of the Valley
and Morning Star
He's the fairest of
my soul!

I've found my Life in
 life of all,—
 The life that leads
 and peace;
 For when at last
 His loving call,
 He showed me that
 I could cease.
 My life is hid with Jesus
 cannot harm,
 I leave it while I
 go!
 He's the Lily of the
 and Morning Star
 He's the fairest of
 my soul!

Tunes—"Hark, the v
ing," B.J. 51; "
J. 45, or "Guld
ment, Jehovah!"

2 Comrades, set the
Wake the echoes
Everywhere the me
"God will give us
Hallelujah! Ha
"God will give us

Strength to break
From our hearts,
And unflinching, for
Right for Christ's
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Dare and do for us

Tainly now doth
Mock our coming
What he says no m
We have victory
Hallelujah! H
We have victory

Onward march — E
 glorious
 Shines before us
 Jesus' foes shall fa
 God will give us
 Hallelujah! H
 God hath given us
 — Sister J. M. Bos

FRIDAY NIGHT OR
ING 8
Tune—"Bluesed" La
J. 75; "I'm be
ing" (with old
or "Christ rec
(with old chor
power, etc.)

3. **Blessed Jesus,**
All through life
Now and ever I'll
Trust my all in

FREE-AND-EASY BITTIES.

Chorus.
Thou art a mighty Saviour,
Thy love does never waver,

Chorus.
Then open, open, etc.

We cannot judge for one another
we have each our peculiar weaknesses
and temptations.

merely to punish and rebuke the devotion of To-
koku, but to rescue all who read it to a more self-
sustaining and energetic attack upon the Kingdom of
the United One, and the more zealous efforts to
rescue the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus
Christ.

Chorus. We cannot judge for one another
 Then open, open, etc. we have each our peculiar weakness
 and temptations.



Announcement Extraordinary!

THE WAR CRY BOOM!

January 29th to February 5th,
INCLUSIVE.

The Value of the War Cry.

Every WAR CRY sold is a shot in the devil's locker.

THE WAR CRY IS WELCOMED
IN THE GAOLS,
THE HOSPITALS,
THE TRAINS,
THE HOMES,
THE SALOON.

In fact, like the cooling rain on a midsummer day, the WAR CRY is WELCOME EVERYWHERE.

The Armenians would cease to suffer if the Sultan of Turkey administered according to the principles of the WAR CRY.

It may be pretty certain that any man will read what he pays for. No more powerful tract can be circulated among the unconverted than the WAR CRY.

The ancient Crusaders organized to carry the Gospel into the land of Mahomet. Let the Christian Crusaders organize to carry the War Cry into every heart of sin.

The WAR CRY is distinctly a paper of, by, and for the people.

The WAR CRY upholds right and opposes wrong without fear or favor.

The WAR CRY comes as a boon to the sick and dying in the hospitals.

Prisoners in jails are amongst the WAR CRY'S most interested readers.

The WAR CRY is a safe paper to admit to your home.

No sensible person denies the power of the press. The WAR CRY, therefore, should be a weekly visitor to every home.

Of the making of books there is no end, says the proverb. The WAR CRY supplements the baneful effect of unwholesome literature.

The General said: No man can look on the bleeding wounds of the Saviour without loving Him. The WAR CRY will cause the ungodly to reflect on the Saviour's love.

What comes as a boon and a blessing to men,
In city or village, o'er mountain and glen
The WAR CRY.



POST NO BILLS

A UNIQUE ADVANCE!

The Army still abreast of the times.
The Poor must have the 'War Cry.'
The Rich may share in the advantage.
The Price will be within the reach of all.

2 CENTS, 2 CENTS, 2 CENTS.

THAT IS THE NEAT SUM.

The People's Penny Paper.
We glory in the title.
The size will be the same as before.
The result will be more than twice the circulation.
The date of the change is Feb. 1st.

During the week a great campaign will be inaugurated to Boom the paper. The campaign leaders are Brigadiers Scott and Margate, Major Morris, Bennett, Howell, Friedrich and Slump. They will be ably supported by their fighting assistants, the Field and Soldiers. The clarion call to war has already been sounded. The guns will soon be in position, and ere long the din of battle will give place to the ringing cry of victory.

"Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Gaily the 'War Cry' arises on the breeze."

TO ARMS, YE BRAVES, IS THE CALL
TO WHICH ALL WILL RESPOND.

POINTERS FOR BOOMERS.

Observe:-

THE CRY is God's paper. It is directed to a simple, plain, presentation of the truth, and being full of up-to-date facts, it is more powerful than any tract could possibly be. And yet there are large and powerful societies that exist for nothing but the distribution of tracts. It is also more telling than any religious tract, because it has to be bought, and what people pay for, as a rule, they look at or read. Thus every WAR CRY sold passes into the hands of the reader as an unanswerable proof of God's ability to save all kinds of sinners. It is a red-hot record of Christ's dying love. Thousands have been saved through it.

THE WAR CRY is the official organ of the most God-honored movement of the present age. It tells of the conflicts and triumphs of God's modern Israel. It testifies how God can keep a great people one in heart and purpose; how we can love one another and stand firm to our principles, holding up the hands of our leaders and comforting the hearts of our brethren and sisters. It is religion in practice. It unites nations in the bosom of Christ. It shows the light of the Cross shining upon the heathen, and the hope of Calvary dawning upon the most desolate among every kindred. It is a social organ, a spiritual organ, a missionary organ, a temperance organ. You have no occasion to be ashamed of pushing it.

THE WAR CRY is a paper devoted wholly to God. In pushing it have at least the satisfaction knowing you are not pushing "Kitt's Blue," or "Pear's Soap," "Hood's Sarsaparilla." Tens of thousands of dollars have been poured into our coffers had we the columns of the CRY to worldly enterprises. No, the CRY is for no man's pocket, thing spoken of in it is for God alone. Remember this, and use a reason that our people should like sacrifice push its sale.

The profits of the WAR CRY are all devoted to the welfare of the Army. This cause for us pushing, there are no go to for funds (if all sold), Poor the Provincial Office, tenance of Headquarters, which the work of God.

Swift cuts shall claim no

From the WAR CRY BOOM

For shall watch in the City

For shall watch in the City

WA
AND OFFICIAL

Vol. XII. No. 18.

CHRISTIANITY
little your disputes
SALUBRITY AND